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# Greater Farm Efficiency

## Decreasing Cost of Machinery Repairs

By PROF. C. A. COCK, Wisconsin College of Agriculture

**WANT BOOK.**

Dec. 6, 1911.	Implement	Cost	When Wanted
6	Spark plugs.....Gas engine	25.00	30 days
2	Piston rings.....2 H. P. gas engine Gilson	2.00	60 days
1	dox. P 1252.....L. H. C. disk harrow	5.00	90 days
3	dox. Common clevises.....For single trees	3.00	60 days
2	193 S.....Corn King shredder	30	30 days
2	H 622.....Deering binder	1.00	6 mos.
2	Shares.....Deere gang	6.00	60 days

Sheet from a Farmers' "Want Book."

Few farmers have a definite idea of the total amount of money invested in farm machinery. If you were to ask John Smith how much his farm machinery was worth he would be unable to answer you. He would probably tell you that the different implements cost so much and that there were a number of repairs for several of these. That these implements were so many years old, and were probably worth only about half of what they were at first. Possibly he had bought some of these second-hand, and had never kept any record of the money invested in farm machinery.

Farming being a business, should be run on business principles, if one is to know where he is making or losing money. So with the machinery be recorded and a strict account kept of all labor involved in the up-keep of the different farm machines. This can only be done by regular business methods. The operator of the small farm may feel that this is not important, and from his point of view it may not be. Yet actual experience shows that unless some records are kept in operating a farm it is extremely difficult to

will furnish the necessary information, as, "One machine bolt 2 1/2 inches by 5/8 inches." This, with others which may be required, may be purchased in one order, which will probably result in a saving of one-half.

While this system may seem at first thought somewhat cumbersome, a glance at the suggested sheet will show that it will in the end save time and money, and at the same time dispense with worry and aggravation at a very busy season of the year.

When the repairs and special bolts have arrived, take them with an extra supply of bolts, nuts and split cotter keys and a kit of tools. Proceed with the work as occasion permits, and in a short time all of the home work is completed. The work usually done at the village shop should be noted and the list left in a convenient place so that no extra time is required in locating it and arranging for the work.

Some farms are fortunate enough to have their own shop, and where such conditions exist it is not necessary to take the plow shares to the village for sharpening, but this and many other kinds of such work can be done at home. The large farms having great

1910 Wagon	Cost	
July 10 Purchased	\$75.00	
Dec 8 Broken Reach Renewed	2.00	
1911		
Mar 11 Broken Evener Renewed	1.75	
Aug 6 Setting Four Tires	3.00	
Nov 24 Broken Bolster Renewed	5.00	
1910 Gang Plow	Cost	Returns
July 10 Purchased	80.00	
Sept 8 Sharpening Shares	3.00	
Nov 1 To plowing	100	
for the season		4.00.00

### How to Keep a Record of Cost and Repairs of Different Farm Implements by Means of a Card System.

know on what money is being saved and made.

To keep farm machinery in repair is no small item, and frequently time lost in being delayed during a busy period while waiting for repairs is the cause for a still greater loss. The time lost in many cases might be done away with if more care was exerted in overhauling the machinery during the winter season, when farm work is somewhat slack. Many farmers make a practice of making some repairs during the winter, but there is a greater majority who never feel that it is worth while to spend time to do such work, but believe they will have time enough in the spring or before it is time to use the machine again. As a rule, the work is not done until the machine or implement should be in the field, which ought not to be the case. The repairing, to be done at the least expense and loss of time should be done in the winter, or at least most of it. There are some implements that one might find difficult to repair, especially in some of the machinery sheds which are found on farms.

With a good machinery shed and a work shop at one end where a stove could be set up to take the chill from the air, this work might be handled very nicely with little if any discomfort, even in the coldest weather. There will be a great many stormy days when little if any work can be done out of doors, when the work in the shop can be very satisfactorily carried on. Where the repairs cannot be readily put in the respective places, cards should be attached to the broken part and everything put in readiness for the time when the machine is taken from the shed. I am now thinking of the grain harvester, which is frequently behind many of the smaller machines, making it rather difficult to get at for repairing. In the case of the grain and corn harvester a good plan to follow is to make a note of such parts as show severe wear and order these parts for the coming season.

A "want book" and a box of shipping tags should be a part of the equipment of the farm office. In the book should be made a notation of the work or broken part, and with it the letter and number, thus: "For the grain harvester, binder driver dog H. 350."

A shipping tag with letter and number should then be attached to the part to assist in quickly locating when repairs are to be put in place. The same holds true with reference to bolts. When buying the machinery you may not have the proper bolts on hand, but the "want book" and tags

or requirements will naturally require more machinery so that the one in charge of the machinery should not lose sight of the fact that a large supply of common repairs is better than to be out half of the time, thus causing unnecessary delays in the farm operations.

The stock of duplicate parts to be ordered should be for sickle sections, for mowers and binders, also sickle heads and pitmans for the mowers. Rivets, wearing plates, ledger plates, guards, etc., or any such list as seems necessary to prepare for the necessary farm machines. Any one who is at all interested in farm machinery should be able to devise some plan which would greatly facilitate the handling and repairing of the farm machinery.

To insure the greatest efficiency of plow, cultivators and all such implements, it is a good plan to cover the face of the moldboards and shovels with a good grade of heavy machine oil or a fair grade of hard oil. This treatment will keep the wearing surfaces free from rust, so that the extra work of scouring these implements in the spring will be done away with. To get the greatest returns for money invested in farm implements one must have as few delays as possible.

In keeping before you the first cost and repairs of the different farm implements, a few cards as here shown will be of great help. In this way you can quickly find how much your wagon, mower, or any implement has cost since it was purchased. The depreciation can also be more quickly calculated, and in many ways this will assist in determining the gross earnings of the farm each year. This card system might be carried still further by adding to it a double column at the right, the extra column showing the amount of work or the value of the work done with each implement. This is shown on card describing gang plow.

The scheme described here is not entirely new, as some farmers are using methods which in some ways are similar, but the card system and day book are much handier and more economical.

**Feed for Hens.**  
Dried lawn clippings aren't much of a feed unless full of white clover. Clover to the hundred pounds contains 29 per cent dry matter, 2.1 ash, 2.9 protein and 16.4 carbohydrates. Its nutritive ratio is 1.5, while that of wheat is 1.7. Clover dry or steamed and mixed with mash is bully for hens' health and eggs.

### GREAT PAINTER'S EARLY DAYS

Ziem was a Tailor's Assistant, and Worked His Way to Italy to Study.

Ziem, sitting cross-legged on a table beside a window, worked as a tailor's assistant for several years. His life was thrown into a new channel by the arrival in the courtyard of an Italian family in which there was a handsome, auburn-haired girl, who sang as a ballad singer. The father played a hurdy-gurdy, the mother made lace, and a boy performed divers gymnastic feats. The girl had a fine voice. Her father wanted a new coat and asked the elder Ziem to make it and Mme. Ziem to take in a part of the family as lodgers. She took in the boy and girl.

The latter lifted the future painter out of himself with her Venetian songs and accounts of the glorious city to which she hoped soon to return. Her name was Caterina. When she went away Ziem felt miserable. He lost spirit and could not shake off the sort of paralysis that had seized on all his faculties. At last he determined—with the help of his needle and his talent, as he thought, of portrait painter and violinist—to make his way to Venice. They answered to his hopes of going down by water to Marselles, for he knew no geography, and thence to Rome.

It would be now curious to see the portraits of Saone and Rhone captains of barges, wine and wood rafts that he did for them in lieu of passage money. In Rome he got in with painters and tourists. The former helped him to enlarge his artistic culture, and the latter took him about as a guide. But Caterina and Venice lay on his heart, and he took the bold resolution of going on foot to the city of his dreams. He so fell in love with it the first day he went on the Lido that he did not break his heart when he heard that Caterina had not turned up, but had gone to Paris to serve as a model.

### THIS IS THE AGE OF WOMAN

Everywhere She is Doing Now What Formerly Was Considered the Work of Man.

It may be difficult to tell what is a woman's age, but unquestionably this is it. Men's colleges into which women have made their way have had to drive them out again in order to give the men a chance at graduation honors. From the pulpit and the bar down to the coal mine and the iron furnace women are doing what used to be regarded as man's work. "The literature of the day is overwhelmingly feminist in its character and very much of it is the work of women. Men are being told things about women that it was not deemed proper for their fathers to know, and as for themselves, they are being shown up without remorse.

Within a few days illustrations of the feminist revolution, physically and intellectually, have become public. Man is destined to lose even his physical superiority. The superintendent of a hospital in Boston, where 3,000 babies are born annually, says: "We have noticed that girl babies are getting taller and that they are appearing in this world lately with more real vitality than formerly. The boy babies continue on the average, both in weight and height."

### Bird and Beast Sanctuary.

Remote from all large centers of population a bird and beast sanctuary has been established in the Upper Engadine in Switzerland. This is the Val Cluoz, near Zernetz and not far from the Olen Pass. It is a well wooded spot of considerable area carefully watched, and in the summer continually patrolled by keepers.

One of these, who has just returned to St. Moritz from a visit, found the park completely snowed under to a depth of more than four feet. In it were five herds of chamois, one of which numbered 147 head, besides a great number of roebuck and deer, together with bears, foxes and other smaller Alpine animals. Flocks of snow hens were also wintering in the sanctuary with numerous crossbills, titmice and other small birds.

It is hoped that the establishment of this reserve will prevent the threatened extermination of wild beasts and birds in the Alps.

### Waste in Coal Range.

Economic waste, represented by the coal range, was strikingly illustrated in tests made recently at the London electrical exposition. Demonstration proved that the shrinkage of meat when cooked in a coal range is surprisingly great. A leg of mutton weighing eight pounds and eight ounces showed a shrinkage of two pounds and eleven ounces when cooked in the coal range, whereas a leg of mutton weighing nine pounds and four ounces when cooked in an electric oven. The shrinkage for the gas oven was two pounds and four ounces and an eight-pound leg of mutton.

### A Reforming Influence.

"The automobile I bought has been doing wonders for me," said Mr. C. "Fresh air and all that sort of thing." "It has benefited me morally as well as physically. It has led me to avoid intoxicants and to lead a life that I insure me as beautiful an obituary as possible."

# TRIAL MATES

By Izola Blair

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press)

"There's a misdeal," said Nita wickily, as she accepted Howell's aid in mounting. He hardly heard her. Ahead, just disappearing up the long winding trail, were two figures on horseback. Nita's big sister, Beth Rathburn, and young Crittenden. There surely was a misdeal. Howell swung into his saddle and rode beside the trail mate that chance had given him, totally unconscious of her own appealing charm and most excellent horsemanship.

And ahead of them lay a ride of three hours—three hours of inevitable tete-a-tete companionship. Howell knew that in those three hours lay all the chances of happiness he possessed. He had accepted Crittenden's invitation to spend two weeks at his ranch merely on the hope of meeting Beth Rathburn again. This after she had flatly refused him twice during the winter season. But, somehow, man fashion, he had reasoned if he could only find her out in these gorgeous mountains he might be able to touch the real inner nature he believed lay beneath her girlish frivolity and waywardness.

This had been his first chance, after two days, for a quiet, intimate talk with her, and somehow Bob Crittenden rode in his place beside her at the crucial moment.

"My girth needs tightening," Nita's voice recalled him to his duty. The girl leaned over and watched him as he cinched up. And then she looked beyond his bowed head, off toward two figures barely visible at a turn of the winding path up the valley.

Suddenly she spoke impulsively. "I'm awfully sorry you didn't get Beth, but you can't any more, you know. Bob's terribly jealous, and really he has the say-so now."

Howell's eyes darkened. They were good eyes, gray and earnest. He



Just disappearing up the long winding trail.

looked up at the tender, expressive face with quick suspicion. "You mean?"

"They're engaged," said Nita, simply. "Last night, on the veranda. Beth told me when she came to bed. Oh, please—please hold him—"

Howell made a leap toward the bride, but the pony plunged and backed, half turning about, and rearing. From the ground where it stood there wriggled a snake back into the mesquite. Nita was holding with one hand to the saddle horn, and gripping the reins with all her force, trying to keep her seat. The pony broke suddenly and ran madly, while Howell swung into his own saddle and gave chase.

The race lay in an opposite direction from the rest of the party. There was no chance to call for help. Straightaway up the mountain path went the pony, and Howell's lips were pressed close as he watched the uncertain swaying of the slender figure on the high Mexican saddle. She seemed hardly more than a child in her riding suit of gray corduroy, her hair blowing back from her young, vivid face. Something woke to life at that tense moment in Howell's heart, something that beat back the anger and hurt pride at Beth's coquetry. Putting his spurs to his horse, he gained steadily on the frightened pony, and rode alongside just as Nita was falling. There was no chance to check her as she fell, while he slipped off his own horse. So for a minute he held her in his arms like a hurt child, and wondered why she did not fall. Instead, she smiled up at him with the same laughing mischief in her long-lashed brown eyes.

"I'm not hurt a bit, Mr. Howell. You don't need to hold me any longer."

"There's sure to be a nervous shock," said Howell gravely. "Are you sure you can stand alone?"

"Try me," she laughed. He lifted her up to his own saddle. The pony had stopped a short distance away, and was cropping grass. "Aren't they lost?" she added.

"That's the usual procedure, isn't it? We're real trail mates now." She smiled wistfully. "I am hungry. Aren't you, Mr. Howell?"

"First name is Paul." "I might have called you by it if you had been my brother-in-law," she rejoined demurely, slipping to the ground.

"I intend to be Beth's brother-in-law, so you may as well start in." He was loosening the girths on the horse, and spoke with decision. Nita's eyes sparkled with amusement. She seated herself on the ground, and studied the contour of his head. At 18 every point in a man tells its own story. She had been in love with Howell for days, as much in love as she ever would be. She was not a girl like Beth, full of sentiment, and fond of admiration. The man she loved must be a good pal, a comrade true, as well as a husband and sweetheart. The trail was a long one, she knew, with many turnings. Somehow, she had thought Paul Howell was splendidly fitted to be a trail mate.

"Not half an hour ago you intended to be my brother-in-law," she said naively.

"You have grown up in that half hour from a little girl to a woman; don't you realize that? I do." He left the horse and threw himself down beside her. "When that pony broke away and ran with you, and death was a possibility—Nita, look at me—I knew that I should follow you to the end of the new trail, no matter where it led. And it has led us—here."

He waited for an answer. Nita looked past him, out at the splendid panorama of mountains that spread below them. The Crittenden ranch looked like a toy block house far down in the valley. The cattle on the broad plateau across the valley were like Noah's ark animals.

She turned her head after a long pause, and smiled down at him. "Are you really making love to me, Mr. Howell?"

"I ask you to be my wife, Nita," he answered steadily. "Oh, I know it seems queer to you eastern girls, the swift courtship of us men who have lived out here, beating success out of newly opened lands. We haven't time to serve our ladies fair, dear heart. Some day, some hour, there comes along the girl who is different from all other girls in the world, and we know her then when we see her. Can't you understand? Beth did attract me. I met her up in town, and admired her, but this is different. I don't want a pretty goddess to sit up on a pedestal, and keep the dust off. I want a sweetheart-pal, who will fight with me, side by side out here to win out. I want a girl with nerve and pluck, and a happy heart. I just want you."

Down the trail there came a long hall. The party had missed them, and retraced its way. Howell gripped both her hands in his, and helped her to rise. They looked at each other in dead silence, wondering at this miracle that had changed the world in half an hour. Then Nita lifted her face to his.

### FIRST STEP TO WORLD FAME

When "Mark Twain," Strong in the Confidence of Genius, Made His Advent in Literature.

In Harper's, Albert Bigelow Paine, the authorized biographer of Mark Twain, tells of the first entrance of the great humorist into journalism.

"It was the afternoon of a hot, dusty August day in 1852 when a worn, travel-stained pilgrim drifted languidly into the office of the Territorial Enterprise, then in its new building on O street, and, loosening a heavy roll of blankets from his shoulders, dropped wearily into a chair. He wore a rusty slouch hat, no coat, a faded blue flannel shirt, and a navy revolver. His trousers were hanging on his boots. A tangle of reddish-brown hair fell on his shoulders, and a mass of tawny beard, dingy with alkali dust, dropped half way to his waist.

"Aurora lay 130 miles from Virginia City—hard, hilly miles. He had walked that distance, carrying his heavy load. Editor Goodman was absent at the moment, but the other proprietor, Dennis E. McCarthy, signaled that the caller might state his errand. The wanderer regarded him with a far-away look, and said, absently and with leisurely reflection:

"My starboard leg seems to be unshipped. I'd like about a hundred yards of line; I think I'm falling to pieces." Then he added: "I want to see Mr. Barnow or Mr. Goodman. My name is Clemens, and I've come to write for the paper."

"It was the master of the world's widest estate, come to claim his kingdom."

### Cost of Living in France.

France is making just as much fuss as we are over the cost of living. In five years at Havre, the great port where everything is easily accessible, bread has increased 15 per cent, beef 22, veal 14, mutton 25, butter 14, cheese 25, coal 34, etc. Official statistics declare that for the ordinary articles of household consumption there has been an average increase of 25 per cent.—New York Press.

### Diseases Spread by the Fly.

There are 500,000 cases of typhoid in this country annually, and some fifty thousand deaths. There are sixty thousand deaths annually from cholera infantum. Nearly all would be prevented if the fly nuisance was conquered.